

1967

A collection of writings and line drawings

Bonnie Kimpland

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Thesis Work
Bonnie Kimpland
Candidate
for the Master of Fine Arts
in the College of Fine and Applied Arts
of the Rochester Institute of Technology
May 26, 1967
Mr. Hans Barschel

Dedication

This thesis report is dedicated to my parents,
Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Kimpland.

Acknowledgement

My sincere thanks to Mr. Hans Barschel, Mr. Richard Covalcuic, Mr. Robert A. Macur, Mr. Dennis Miner, Mr. Charles Preston, Mr. Donald Robertson, Mr. John Solowski, and Mr. Robert Taugner.

Table of Contents

I. Introduction (Statement of Thesis Proposal)

II. Exposition

- A. Calendar of Procedures
- B. Complex versus Simple Line Drawings
- C. Importance of Tangible Subject Matter
- D. Influences
- E. Poems
- F. Problems
- G. Subject Matter
- H. Conclusion

III. Bibliography

"A Collection of
Writings and Line Drawings"

Thesis Proposal for the Master of Fine Arts
College of Fine and Applied Arts
Rochester Institute of Technology

Submitted by: Bonnie Kay Kimpland

Date: 2/15/67 Advisor:
Approved by Graduate Committee:
Chairman:

Prof. Barschley
Date: 3/6/67

I Purpose of the Thesis:

The purpose of this thesis is to produce writings and line drawings based on research and experimentation.

II Scope of the Thesis:

The "writings" will merely be my recorded thoughts on the various subjects dealt with in my drawings. A few that I would like to investigate are our apartment (with an emphasis on furniture), interesting objects found in antique and junk shops, and individuals. Examples of my earlier writings can be found in my senior thesis at the R.I.T. library, as well as one or two line drawings. Thus, I hope to demonstrate my ability to use knowledge and creative and communicative skills, both linguistic and graphic.

I intend to read all the information on line drawing that I can find. I will also collect and study all of the line drawings that I can locate. Thus I will attempt to discover the good qualities of the effective line drawings and the shortcomings of the less effective ones. Using mainly a fine line rapidograph, I will experiment systematically and try to develop new techniques and refine my present methods.

Although some may consider my media a limited one, I intend to demonstrate otherwise. Last year my thesis involving buses allowed unlimited media. I found this a detracting factor, in that the results were somewhat of a conglomeration. That is, I didn't have the opportunity to linger in any one media long enough to perfect the work.

It seems to me that one of the advantages of attending an art school is the exposure to many different kinds of media. The student is encouraged to become a "jack-of-all-trades."

But I would like to become a "master-of-one". I find graduate study worthwhile because I am increasing my competence in graphic design and communication and working harder in painting, which comes harder to me.

Those who insist upon a wide variety of media also seem to feel that a good thesis must be a painful learning experience. I disagree. It is not a crime to enjoy one's thesis. It may be true that I have had more success with fine line drawing and that it would be an easier path for me to take. But I find nothing objectionable about this fact, as long as I work hard. People like to do things that they are capable of doing well. And although I enjoy them, I know that I am capable of producing line drawings of a higher quality. I will benefit if I am allowed the time to devote to this endeavor next quarter. It will be a rewarding and invaluable experience.

I will produce many writings and line drawings, but plan to select about five of each for my final project.

III Procedures:

The final thesis project will consist of the five writings and drawings in a booklet form. The exact construction of the booklet will be determined after consulting instructors and commercial printers about the various aspects.

The thesis report will contain a copy of the booklet plus readings, research studies and my experimental drawings.

IV Alternative Proposals:

"Experiments in Collage" (Self-explanatory)

"The Chair" (An offshoot of my senior thesis on buses, except I would depict different types of chairs in different media.

V Suggested Advisor:

Mr. Robert Taugner

ROCHESTER INSTITUTE of TECHNOLOGY

OFFICE MEMORANDUM

TO Bonnie Kimpland

DATE March 10, 1967

SUBJECT Approval of Thesis Proposal

The Graduate Committee has approved your Thesis Proposal "A Collection of Writings and Line Drawings" and has named Professor Hans Barschel as your advisor. Professors Robertson and Solowski have been named as members of your Thesis Committee.

Please see Professor Barschel in the very near future and arrange for an orderly development of your Thesis project, following the guidelines set down in the Handbook of Graduate Study.

Sincerely,

H. J. Brennan, Dean
College of Fine and Applied Arts

HJB:jag

cc: H. Barschel
D. Robertson
J. Solowski
Grad File

Calendar of Procedures

March, 1967: library research and consultations with thesis advisors.

April, 1967: creation, development and selection of poems and drawings.

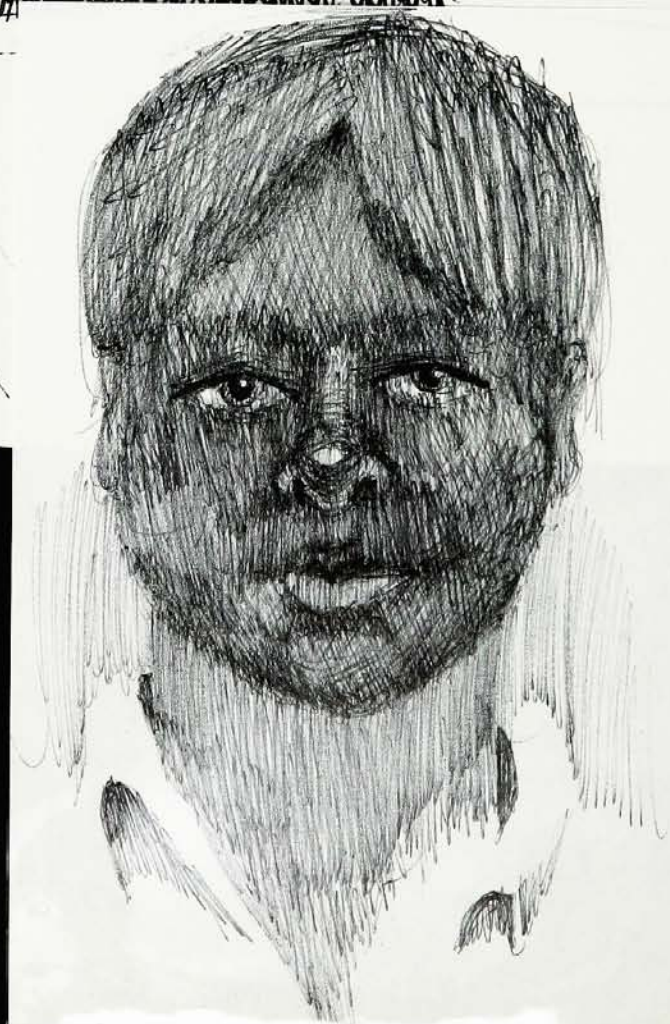
May, 1967: making negatives and plates, printing, binding, preparing thesis report.

Complex versus Simple Line Drawings

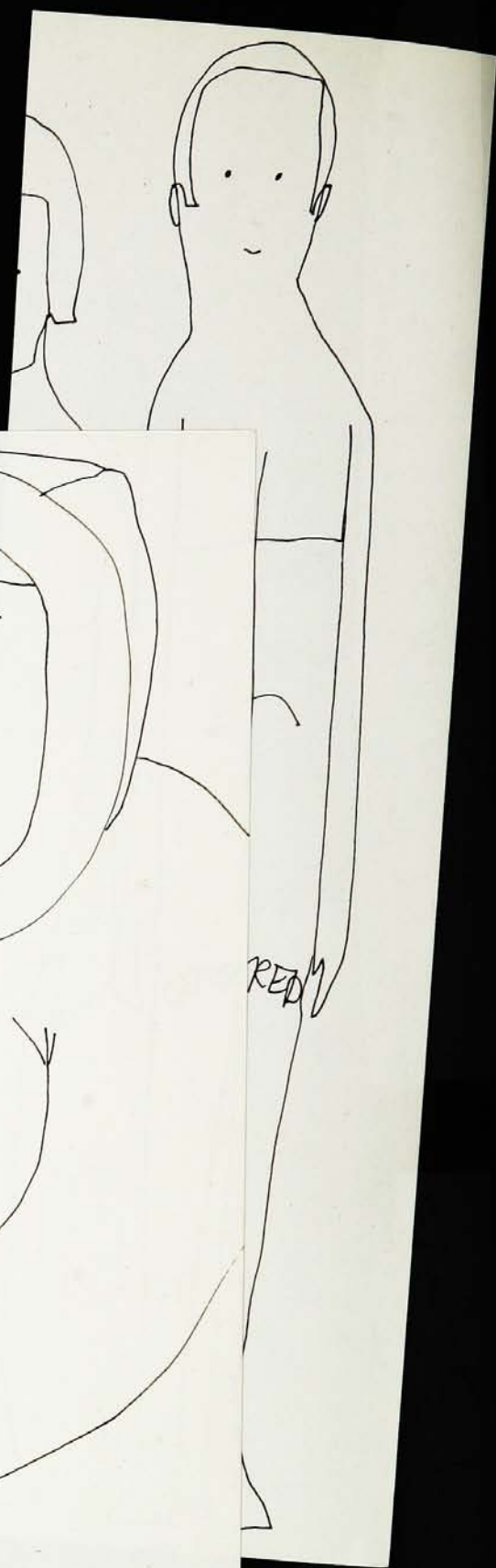
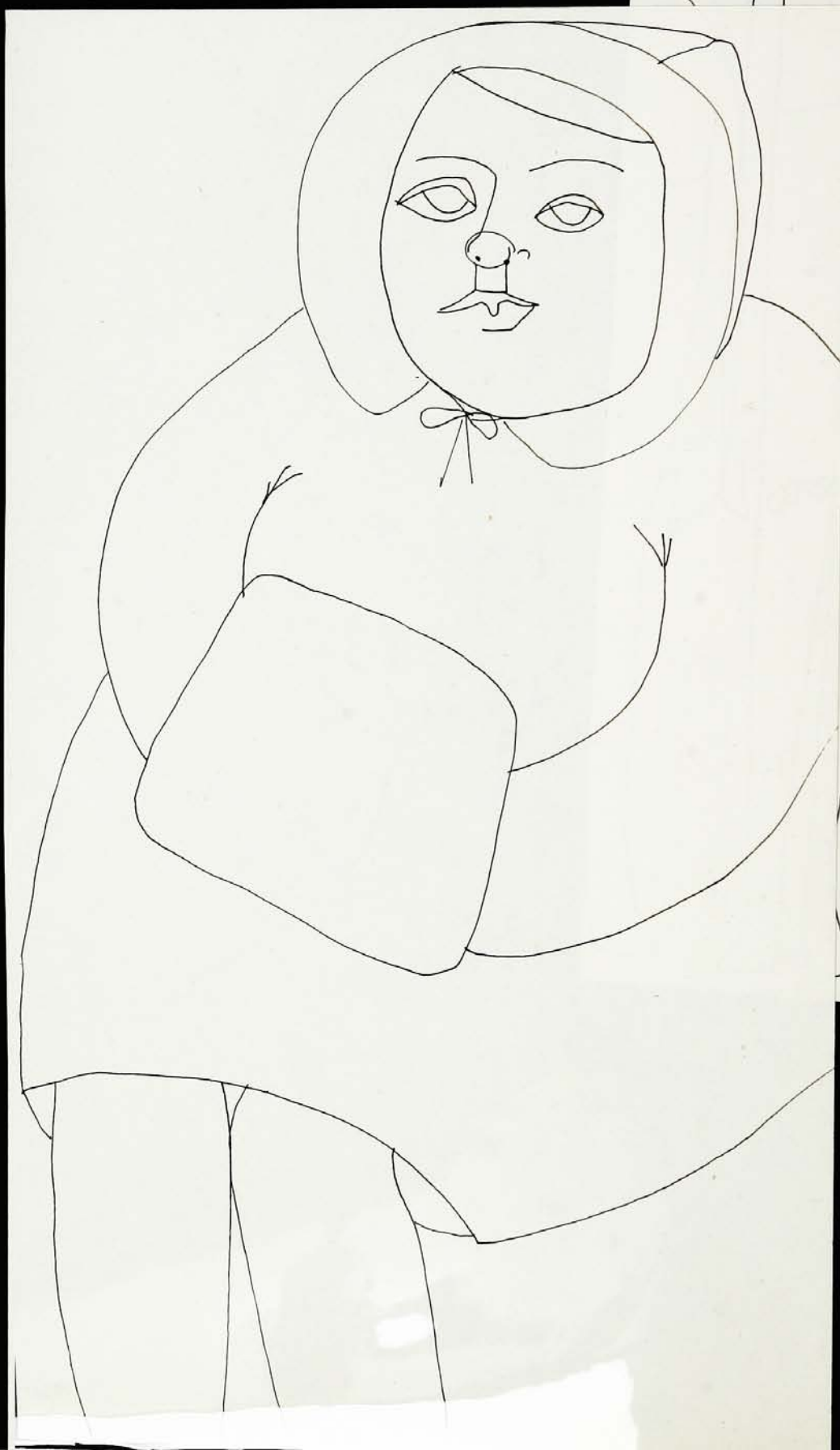
Complex drawings are drawings developed through line. Added line creates shading, tones, textures and patterns. Thus, a more three-dimensional effect is achieved.

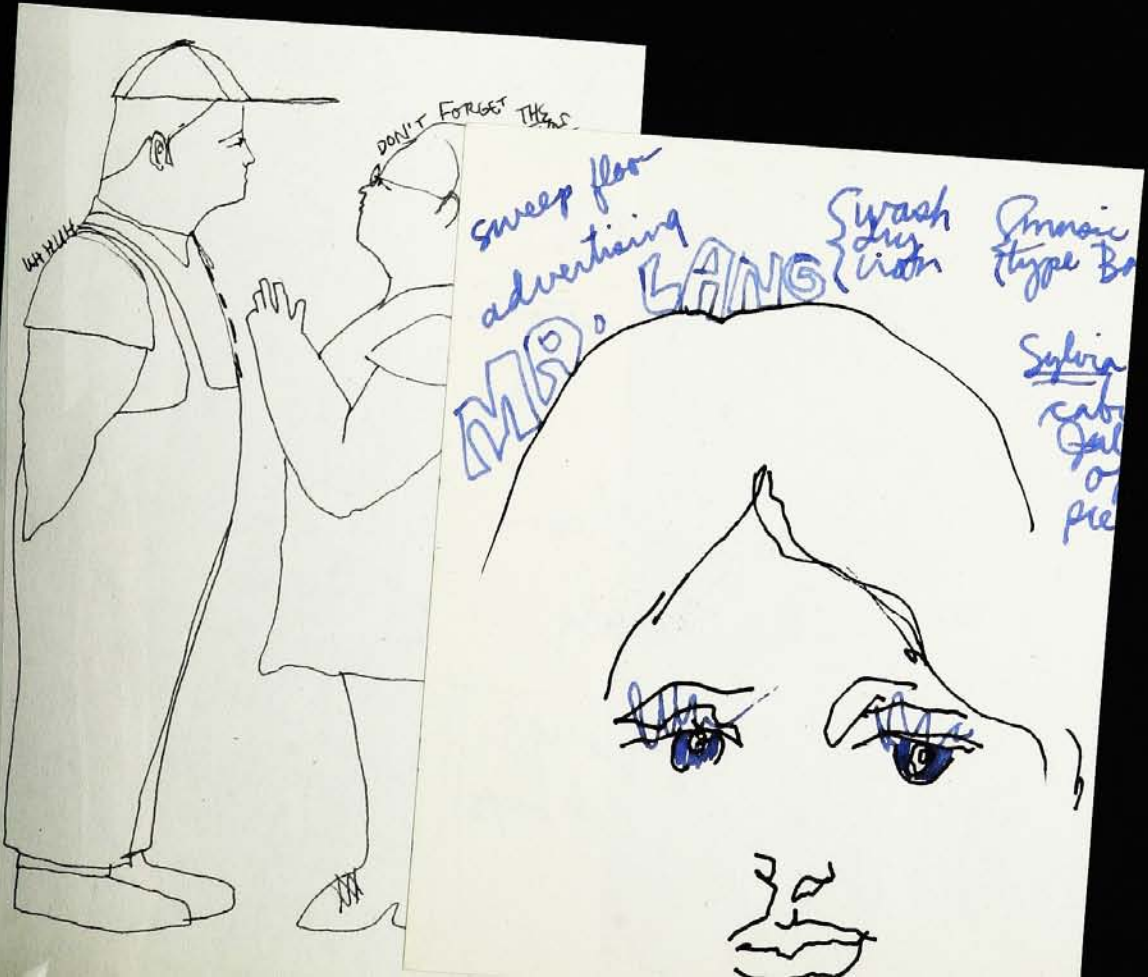
A simple line drawing defines the outline of the subject. These drawings are often accused of being cartoonish, but this is not always the case. A simple line drawing can be expressive, revealing, and extremely sensitive.







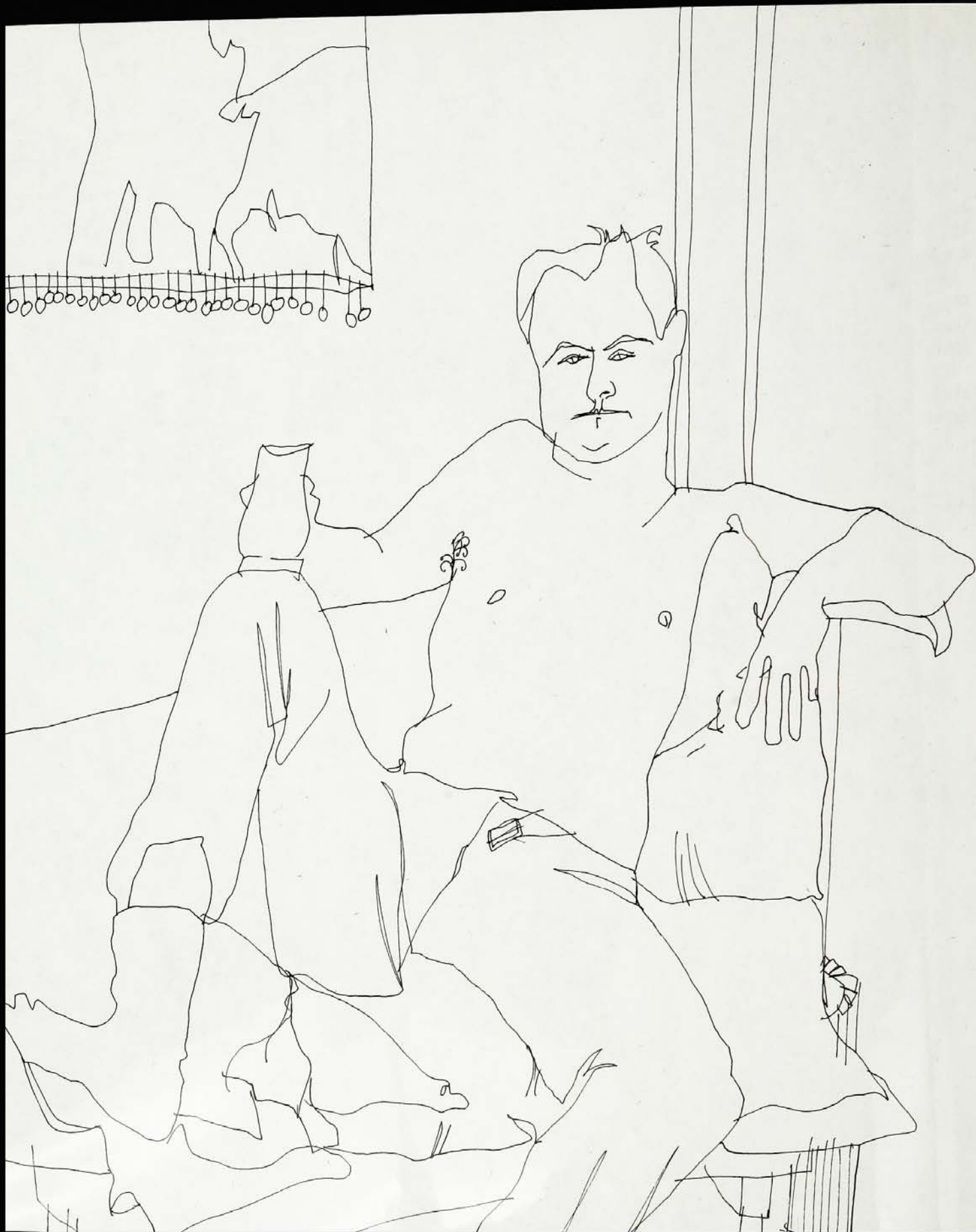




DON'T FORGET THESE

sweep floor
advertising
MR. LANG { Swash
Lyn
with
Pinnac
Type Bo
Sylvia
cab
fall
or
pre

30



Importance of Tangible Subject Matter

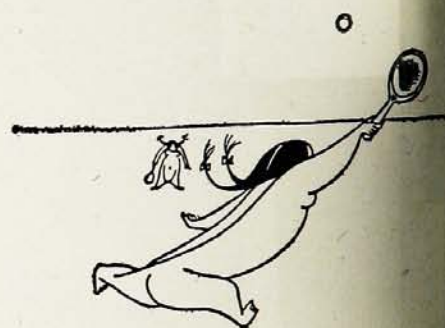
The following drawing was drawn from memory in a classroom. The next was drawn while actually sitting in the living room. The first is rather stiff and decorative, while the second seems more interesting and believable.

The girl seems to be sitting on a flat wooden couch but the second couch appears much softer and more comfortable. The pillows of the second sketch are more fascinating and the fringe much more intricate than in the sketch done from imagination.

Very few of the drawings done from memory turned out well. On the other hand, those done from close observation of actual subject matter were usually quite successful.







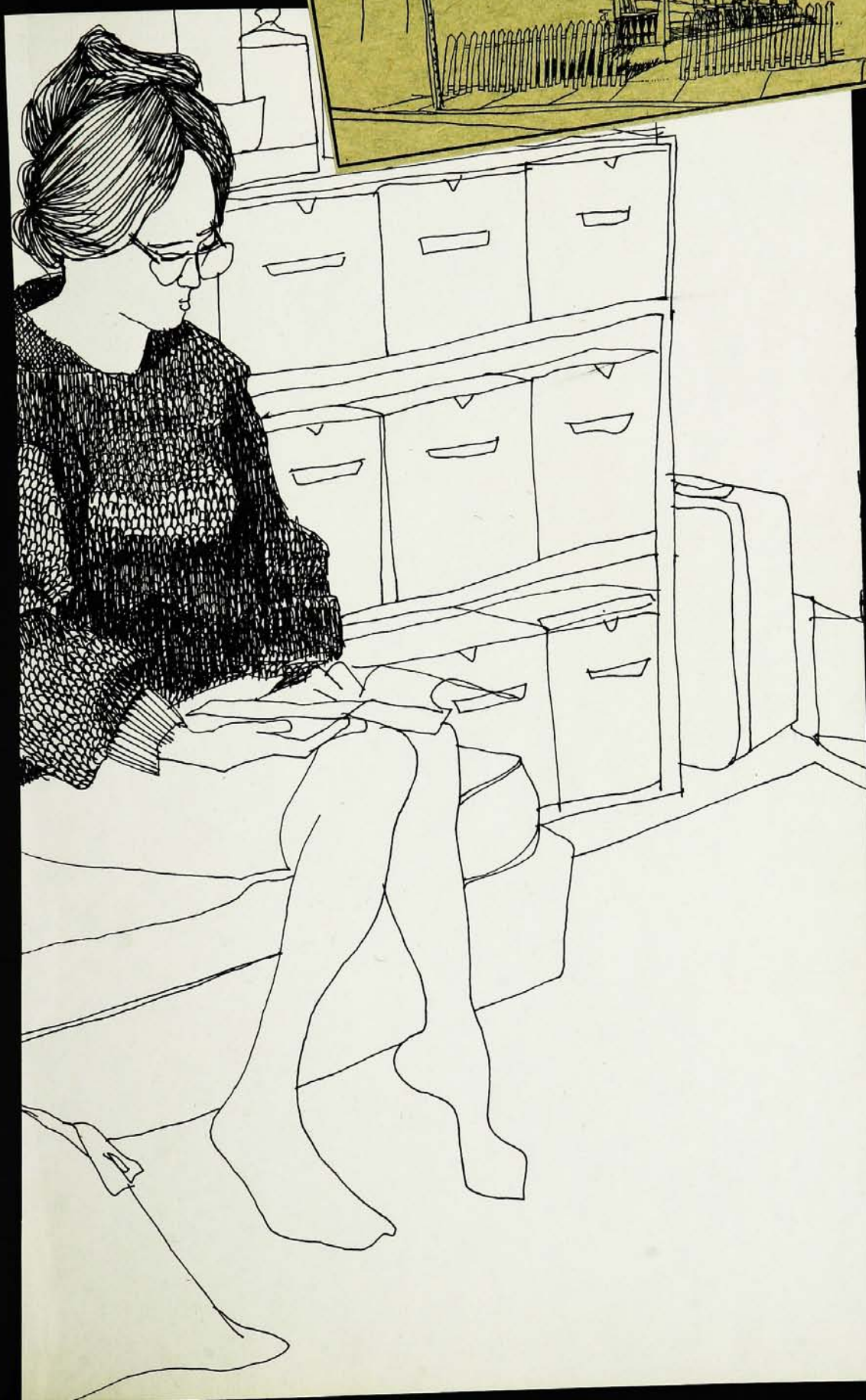
Drawings by Cosmé

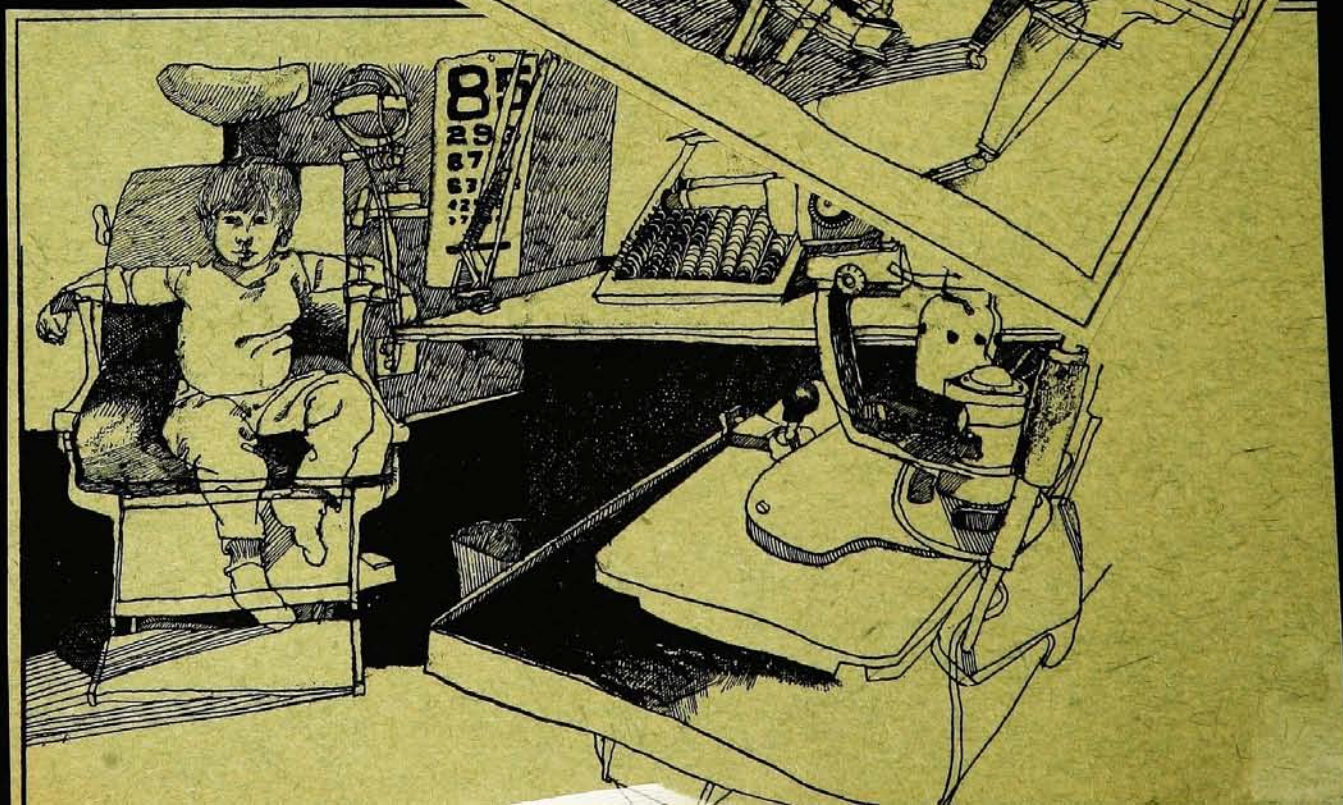
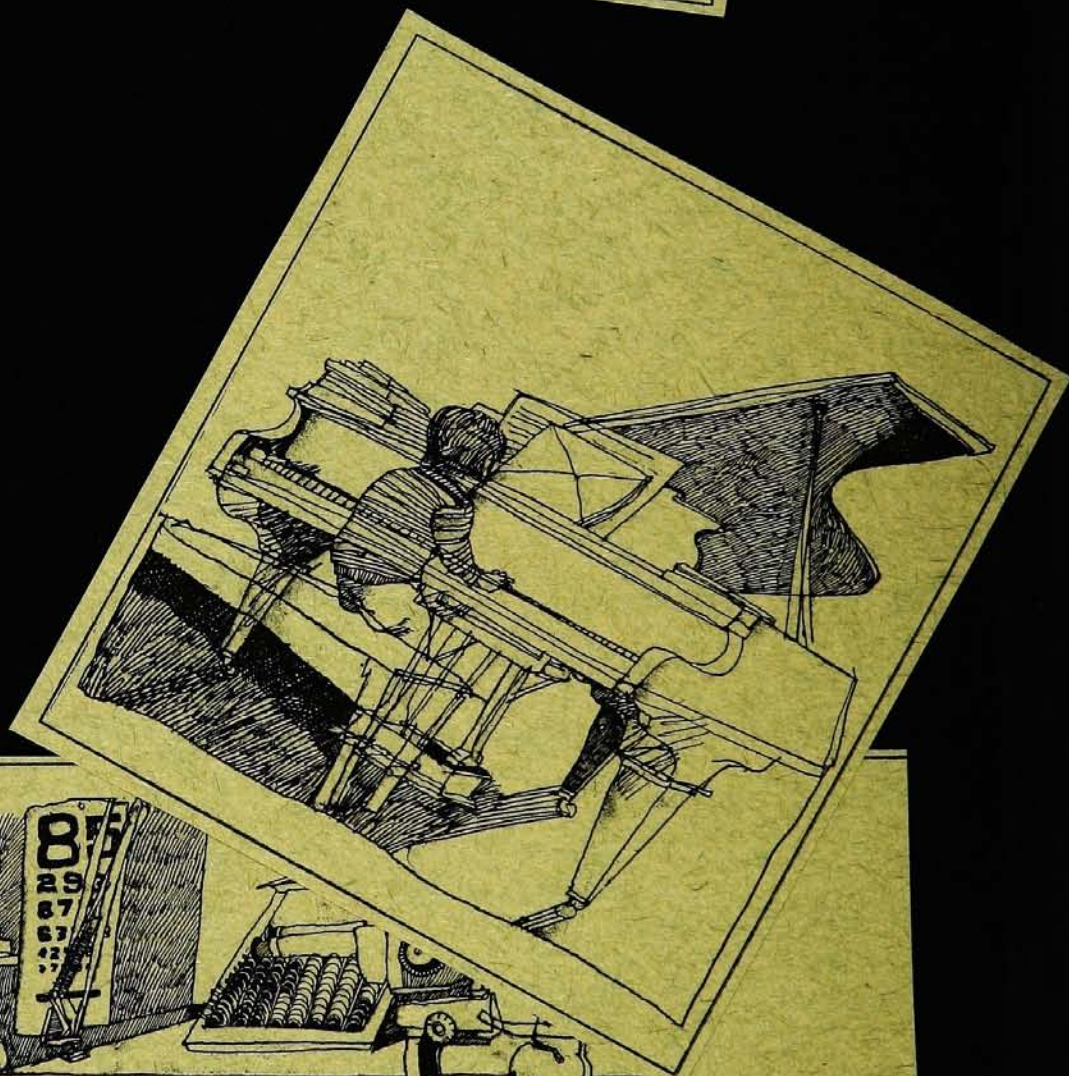
Influences

I have always had a tendency toward cartooning, and have been delighted by the cartoons of others. I also admire Eugene Karlin's delicate, graceful drawings. Alan Cober's illustrations in Redbook also caught my eye. His unfinished-looking drawing of an old house inspired me to try combinations of simple and complex line drawings. And although I didn't realize it at the time, his drawings of the eye-testing equipment influenced my sketch of the dentist's office.











Others

Other artists whose work I particularly admire are shown on the following pages. They are: Allen, Cooper, Davis, Jones, Moore, Slackman, Tallon, and Weisman.



asthma
yogurt.
dispens-
e would
pay, if
g dress
t need
(Rome)
holm)
under-
had to

such as
ys re-
y envied Arthur
ried recklessly
William, Eliza-
use to doubt

raveled by
l, even if
side her.
s safer,

"I suppose so," said Elizabeth. "After all, we didn't know Father very well."

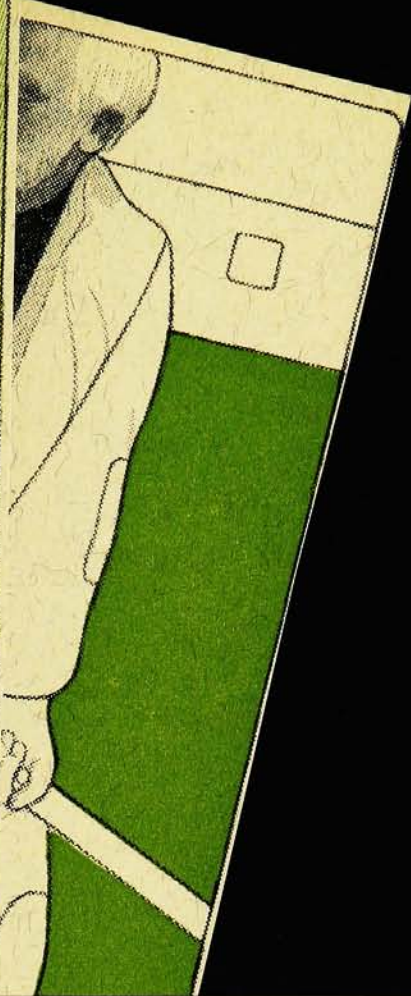
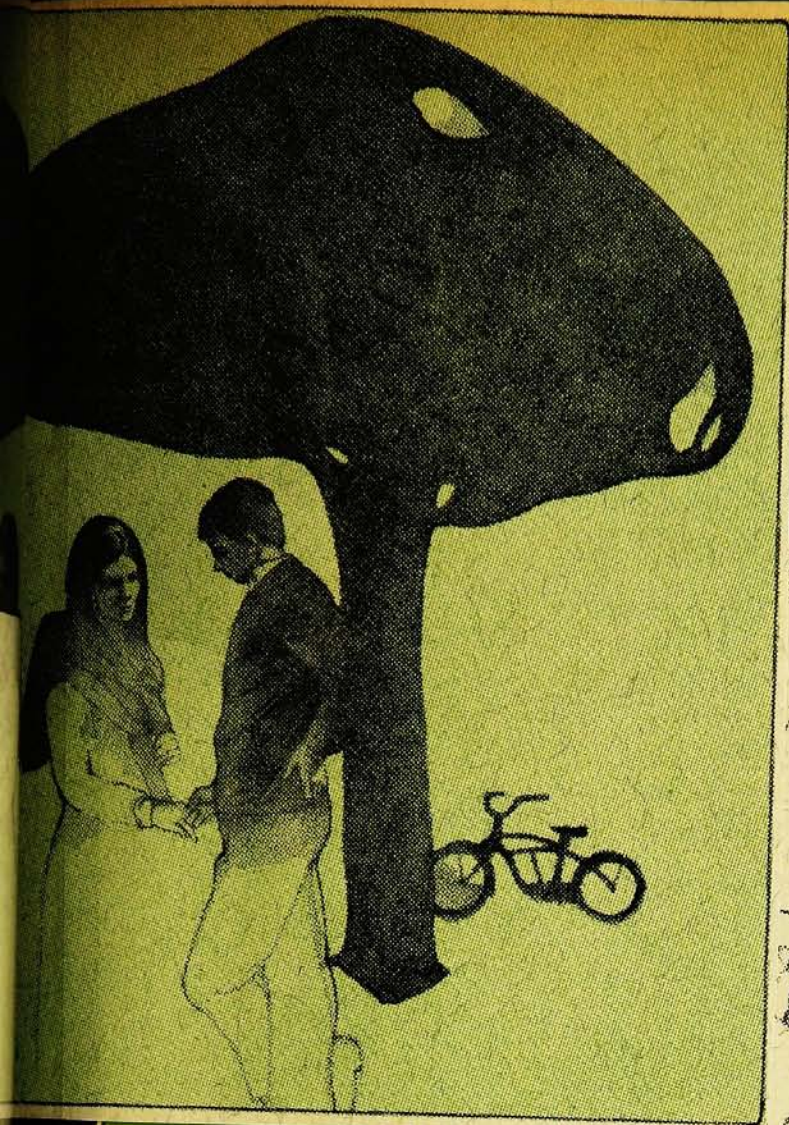
"If at all," said William, "apart from his reputation."

"What I feel chiefly . . ." Elizabeth paused, considering her words; she had her father's academic brain, and at twenty-eight was a lecturer in Greek at a London women's college. "What I feel chiefly," stated Elizabeth, "apart from being terribly sorry for Mother, is a sort of anger that Father should have died so . . . wastefully. What do you feel?"

William paused

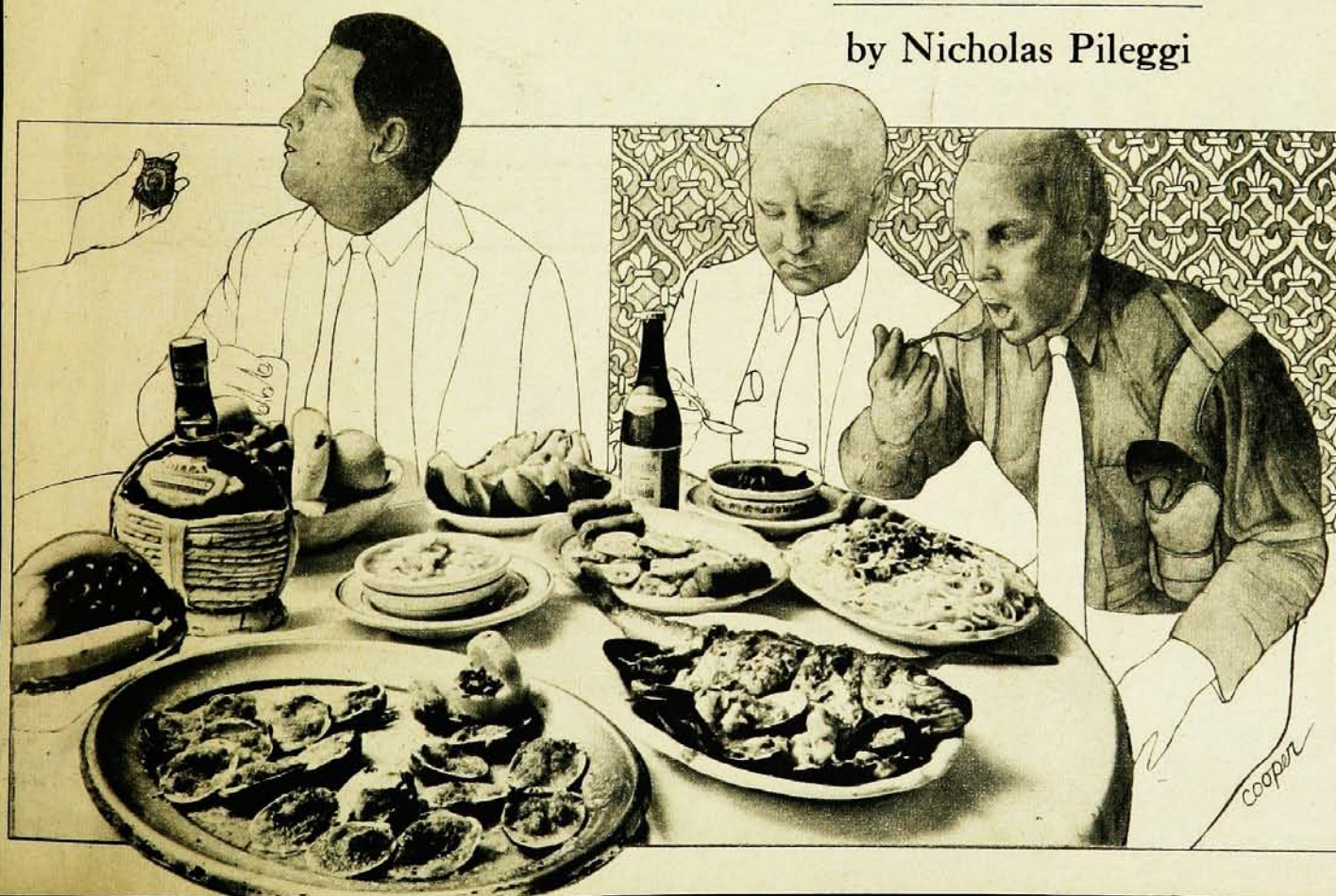


"Perhaps I was mistaken," said Mrs. Prelude. "Perhaps it wasn't your father's funeral!"

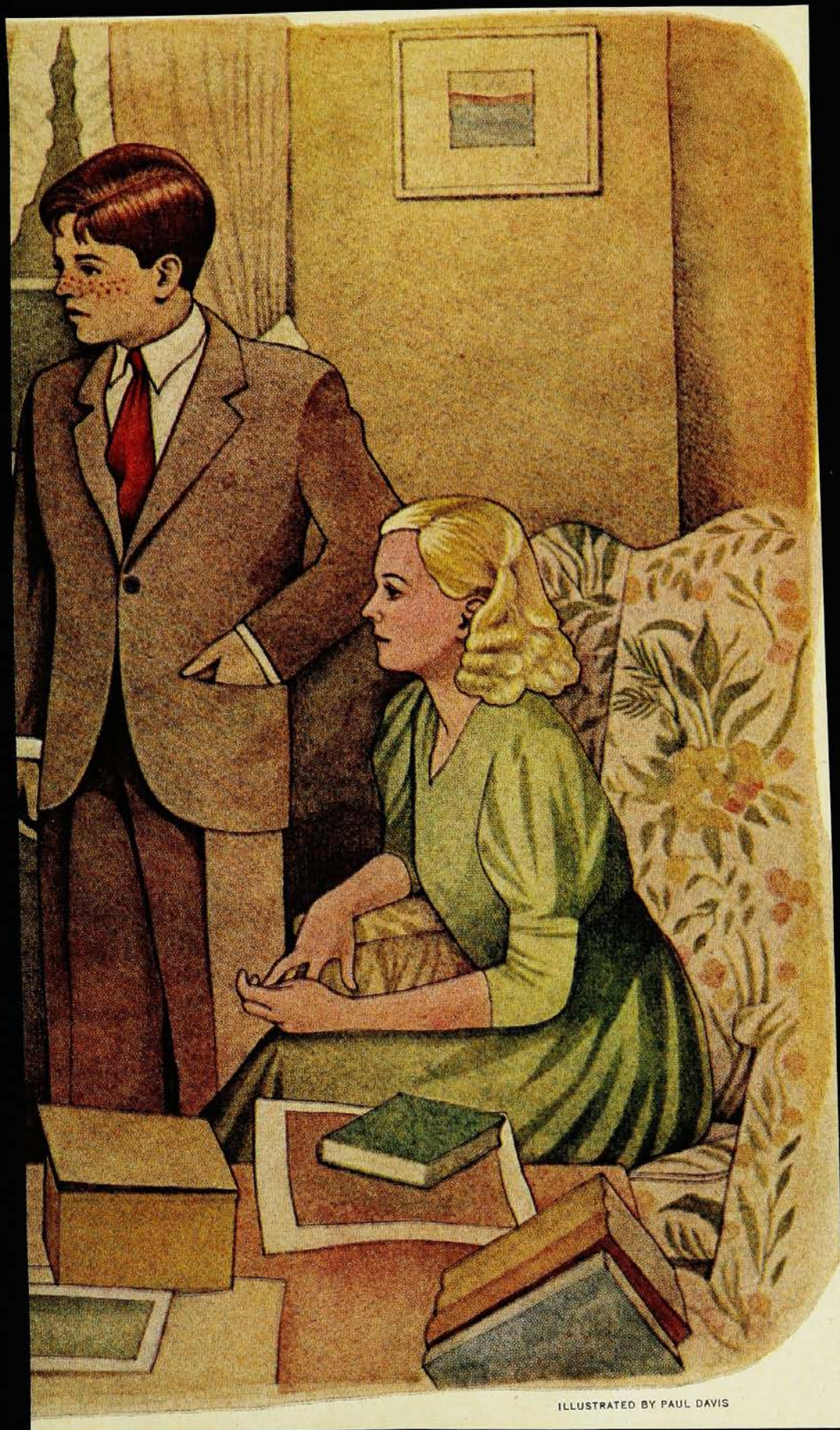


A Mafia Guide to Dining

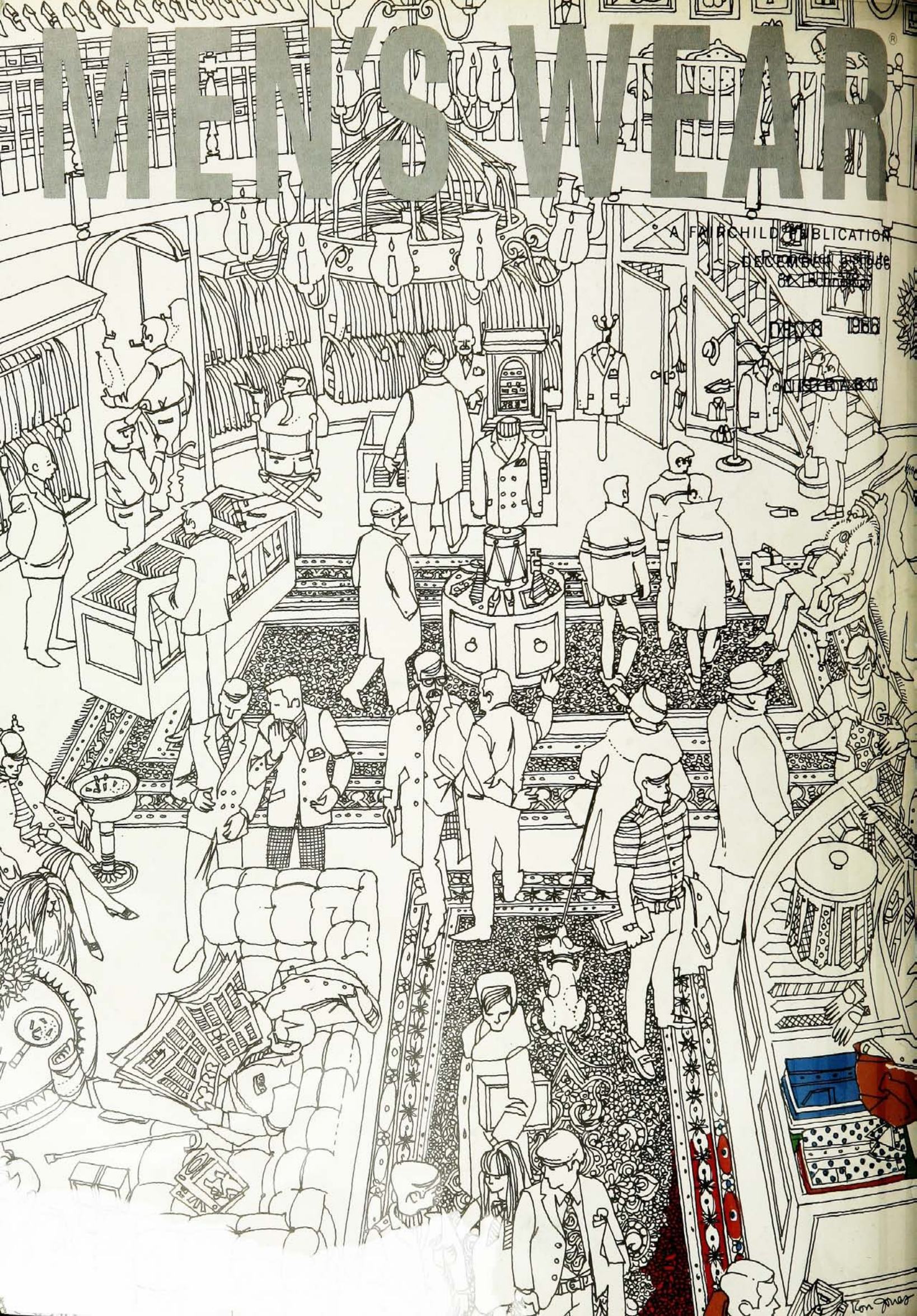
by Nicholas Pileggi







ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL DAVIS



MEN'S WEAR

A FAIRCHILD PUBLICATION

Published by Fairchild Publications, Inc.

800 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003

DECEMBER 1966

Subscription Price \$4.00

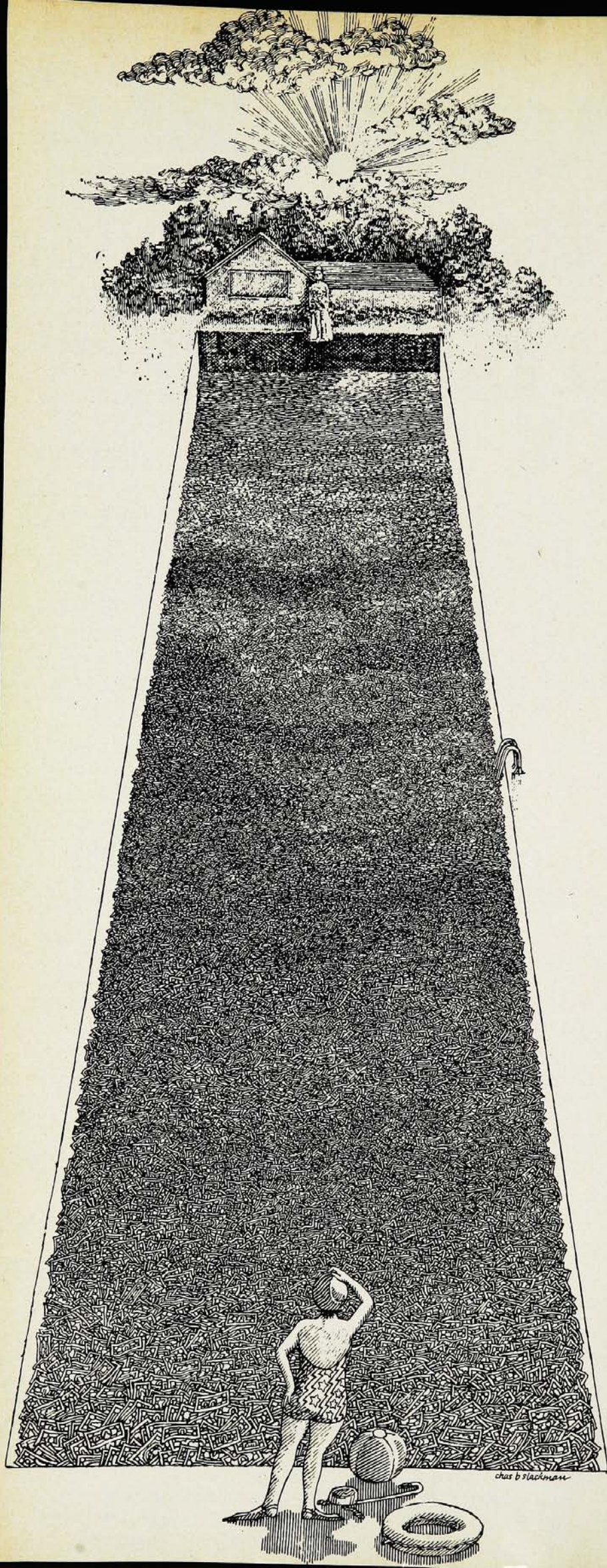
Ken Jones



Can Cricketeer's
conservative
pin-striped suit
be cool too?
Only
if it's two-ply
Dacron polyester
and cotton blended
by

Galey & Lord

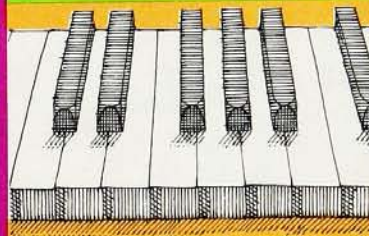
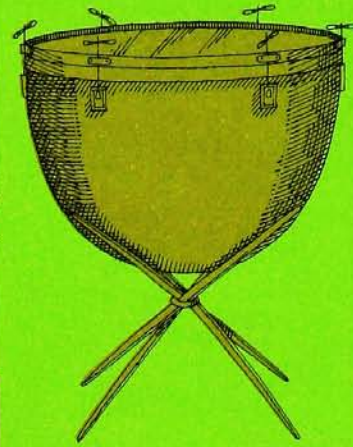




chris b. slackman







Red Seal Recordings:



Poems

This page and the next contain poems that influenced me.
I found much writing
The remaining

It was in this corner
where one night by your side
I read between your tender breasts
a tale by Daudet. This is the corner
we once loved. Please don't deny it...

WINTER WITHOUT DANNY

M.L. Rosenthal

snow, snow, serious snow.

In my brother's grave, the serious snow.
carded old ladies, coiffured College boys,
Orthodox Jews, Orthodox Boys,
mble, tumble, to the pedantry of snow.
this in your nighties, you may tremble
in heart-shaped windows —
the bright world's all snow.

HOW DO YOU WALK?

by Karl Shapiro

How do you walk? You walk into my arms,
Into my kiss, into the eye of my life's storm.
You walk (all similes are silly in my love for you)
You walk as if you were carrying the Taj Mahal.
Your neck is like a Watusi woman towering above
the grasses of your tigerish clothes,
Your tribal shoulders where my fingers close and
feed and my lips graze like sheep-crazed shepherds.
You walk in anger and in glorious pride as if you had
lost a brilliant naval battle,
Your cut smile belies your perspicuous eyes,
Your earrings tremble and your breasts rise like waves
of liquid in your coming toward me.
Your hips powerful and civilized make idiots of willow
trees plying the prairie winds,
You carry your hard-soft hands as if they were not yours
but mine.
Is it your long proud legs that carry you into my vision
like rhyme?
You walk as if you were carrying a love-child,
You walk as if you were marrying me,
And your sensitive head turns slightly side to side
As not to see the lovely commotion of your passing,
Where you have come from but only where you are going.
Where are you going? You are going into your beauty
And it is I who am opening all the doors as you pass
From room to room of your life till you walk to my grave.

dups-a-drooping

hoping Miss Wockley would open up her
Christmas cookie ears and hear what
I ~~had to~~ say
could not

KENYON
REVIEW

for now I shall sleep in the dust;
and thou shalt seek me in the morning,
but I shall not be.

Capon, Robert Farrar (An Episcopalian priest) - Bed and Board p. 8

"I have a sneaking suspicion that all this straight-faced piety about sexuality misses one of the Creator's most brilliant bits of humor: The body uses the same general equipment for both lovemaking and plumbing. Desire and drainage are hilariously close."

Monetakas, Clark E., Loneliness p. 161

"To love is to be lonely. Every love is eventually broken by illness, separation, or death."

A radio announcer: "in one era and out the other."

Amy Vanderbilt: "Only a dub leaves a rim in the tub."

P.L. Travers: "Johnny Delaney despised formal education and insisted children should be taught only 'singing, and dancing, and a thorough knowledge of the stars and constellations. And these he used to teach them night after night, as well as the noble art of spitting; the long spit, the drop spit and the difficult over-the-shoulder spit."

..... I had, I remember, a beloved doll, with a clear serene china face. And there was my mother trying to tidy up the room, putting toys away in the cupboard, and being daintily, fiercely cross. She was like a deer in a forest, her eyes sparkling with a kind of doe-like rage. Last of all, she picked up the doll. "Put it away yourself," she said and tossed it, with a ferocious gesture to where I sat on the bed. But I put out my arms a moment too late, and the doll's face struck the iron frame and shattered to smithereens.

"Mother, you've killed her!" I cried in despair - feeling the crack in my own body. My mother sat down and wept. Her tears fell slowly into her lap. She picked up the broken china piece and cradled the body in her arms. "Forgive me, forgive me," she said to the doll, but I knew she was speaking to me. All my life I've remembered this scene. She was grieving, and even then somehow I knew it not merely for the broken doll, but because she had hurt her child."

There's a nice old fat guy
that shovels outside.
He wears a red & black hunting jacket
like my father used to.
The people coming in
— at least one of them
should kiss him on the cheek
and thank him for shoveling
so that they don't fall.
Because he really is doing
a better, more conscientious job
than he has to — I think.

the red faced red & black hunting jacket man
holds the door open for some of those entering.
Perhaps I was wrong in being so literal —
perhaps the people do kiss him
as they smile and look into his nice face
as they thank him —
perhaps that is a kiss
perhaps that is the accepted way
things should be done.

these blond girls curls —
they look as if they are constantly
screen-testing for those TV hair-ads.
long bouncing blonde curls.
I wonder if they sneak off
to the men's room
to comb it
revers 5 minutes.

i'm so tired this morning.
lack of energy
lack of sleep.

chocolate bars are for energy
but the very thought of one
is repugnant
and i don't think it would help
anyway.

i'm so tired.

everybody can't be this way
at 8 o'clock in the morning.

what's wrong with me?

is it psychological (sic)
or a body-health flaw.

whatever it is, i don't like it.

perhaps it was skiing
so much
so fast

yesterday.

He said he'd return to the T-bar & we'd get a hot chocolate or a candy bar in a half hour or so. But it had been an hour and I was getting tired and afraid I'd break some bones carelessly if I didn't stop.

So I went into the lodge and waited, trying to find his body, jacket and hat swooping down through the large glass panes. But I couldn't so I gobbled up a hamburger and a hot hot chocolate hungrily, although it just wasn't the same without him.

The snow was blizzarding like one of those Soap-flake paperweight scenes that you turn upside down. And I wanted to go out in it and be a part of it, so I did.

And there was my Prince coming towards the lodge as I came out. I told him I was going up on the chairlift, hoping he would forbid me. He did argue against it, saying it was too icy.

"What about the babies?" he said. "What about our babies if you break your pelvis?"

"Then I guess you will have to carry the babies for 9 months," I said.

We smiled and laughed and kissed each other amidst the soapflakes of the giant paperweight. Soft rosy cheek fuzz and cold red noses kissing.

Some beer... Enough Wine
Someone calling
Someone who may call again sometime.

a book
and a promise of more
movies
television

beer
salted things

an unhappy roommate
and a puzzled lover.

many things

Scattered

jumbled

in the top half
of the house.

beer cans by the bookshelf
beer bottles in the bookshelf
winkled caps
flip top scars.

when will I graduate to wine
and join the ranks
of the dirty old wines
who lived in gutters
and asked Walter
to please press their pants.

There's always been something about magazines that intrigues me. Maybe it's the combination of words and visual material, for I am an artist who loves to read and likes to write a little also.

I find that I discover amazing things when I attempt to put my thoughts on paper. Amazing - to me, at least. Everything becomes so much clearer. Reality seems to be closer. I write things that are untrue, and I leave out things that I know to be true, but the realization and significance of these things exists when I am writing. The untrue and the unsaid are as important, or perhaps more important than the obvious truths I relate.

I don't mind my face so much, except perhaps the tendency toward a hairy upper lip and a few strange long hairs that appear under my chin.

It's good that now I can write
when I don't feel like sketching.
I think that a good sign
I like being ambidextrous.

Look at all the clean-cut
University student filing
through the doors. Only a
few of them notice my
face. Many of their faces
are downcast at their
galoshes and screwed up with
pain (real or imaginary)
from the cold elements
outside the magic doors.

in the waiting room

it is in the form
of a more than-semi
circle.

with enlarged
photographs
of a polar bear
gnawing on a bar
of his cage
(terribly appropriate)

and people

a woman

and maybe

a couple...

of little girls

walking over

a bridge

maybe in geneesee valley park.

I would ~~post~~
post
a trusted lookout
and go
behind the bushes.
first.

I would sooner
post
a trusted lookout
and go
behind the berry bushes.

how can they charge people
10¢
for a human function?

I shall never
pay their price.

1 this is where
we buy beer
and eggs
and bread
and meat.

3 and if you get
a red star
on your cash register receipt
your purchase
is on
the house

5 or if the alarm clock
goes off
while they
are checking you out
you also
win

4... but then
the prices
are outrageous
to begin with.

2 sometimes
the milk is turning bad
and the meat
is not so pink
but that is the way
life is:

6 some days
are not so bright
and even wonderful things
have a touch of the sad.

7 a tall boy
will reach
the too-high
boxes for you.

I'm not very good about sewing buttons back on his sweaters
or mending tears in his pants and pockets.
But then I'm not very good about mending my own clothing either.

He's forever losing things:

his glasses
his hat
his gloves
his wallet.

no wallet.
I guess I have grown to accept this characteristic also,
The hoping he will never lose me.
(Or any of our children if he takes them to the circus
or a baseball game and I am not there.)

I am his sole barber
and I save him money
and do a good job ~~usually~~

~~usually~~
almost always.

And I kiss him on the nose
which is something else
that the real barbers don't do
(as far as I know)
except then I get hair in my mouth.

And afterwards ~~we~~
we try to get ~~the hair off~~
rid of all the chopped hair with the vacuum cleaner.

how must the mothers feel
who listen to the hourly radio reports
on the casualties in Vietnam -

the good mothers
with the sons they love
knowing
are ~~there~~ fighting stationed there -

those who care so much
for their small-boys-turned-quickly-into-men
must worry dreadfully
constantly afraid
depressed and
and ill-at-ease. — ~~but~~ ~~bitingly~~ ~~staring~~ ~~hoping~~ ~~the~~ ~~black~~ ~~star~~ ~~telegram.~~

probably they try
to busy themselves
in other activities — to survive
but I know
they must lie awake at night
and cry softly
from the depths of their souls
while their husbands
are sleeping.

~~of course the fathers are also~~
~~hurt deeply.~~
I think in some cases the fathers are hurt
more so than the mothers.

And I know
that fathers cry too,
although some can only cry within.

they cry for their sons
who ~~undoubtedly~~ also sob
~~deeply~~ far away.

for despite
the questionable toughening processes
incidents occur
or nothing specific at all
that makes the bravest, proudest soldier
turn his head away
(light) so that no one can see
~~the~~ the blinking away of those damned
salty drops.

because he wears the cloven minister's collar
Some people must think him god-like
i thought that as a child.
but one of the things I learned even before college
is that that is not ^{personally} so.

they listen to the man speak
and to other men speak out when he is through
Some sit back in their chairs
and drum their fingers on their notebooks.

some frown
some scowl
some laugh—
but is their laughter genuine
or only a nervous seeking of approval and acceptance?

some walk out
and some stay
for some time.
and some even stay
to the end.

some cry out
others carefully phrase their meek speakings
and the others
(—towards?)
(—wise men?)
sit silently
with only a shifting of feet
and perhaps hope that another
may voice the questions in their own minds
and some have no questions at all
—not even in their minds.

The dentist's equipment
Reminds me of a wicked monster—

The dentist's equipment

An assembly
of Torture instruments—

(I don't like nozzles
sucking the moisture from my mouth—
if God had intended ~~such~~ this condition
I would have been born with ~~the~~ such.)

The light is blinding—
It makes my eyes smart
But at least that temporarily
Takes my mind off
my mouthful of pain.

~~proper such equipment~~
— I detest the blasts of air
that make my teeth ache
more.

— I don't want construction workers
breaking up my concrete teeth
with their vibrating drills.

The white bowl
where we all spit
is too close to the paper cup
that I am supposed to drink from
(unless he drowns me
with that childish—but more forceful—water pistol first).
Anyway, the white bowl—bears a disgusting resemblance to
~~is like~~ a small child's chamber-pot.

A paper bib
is for when you go out to eat spaghetti
— not for a dentist's office.

At least the ^{larger} plastic bib
is a solid color
and not covered with trite designs
and bits of hair
like in the beauty parlor.

I guess it is possible
for people to like (or even love) dentists
(besides their mothers).

And I guess it is nice
that they can fix people's toothaches.

(I never recognize my
dentist on the street
Because I am only used
to his face upside down:
The eyes and the hairy ~~mouth~~ ^{Nares}

you can get so much more out of the flowers
if you look between the leaves

flowers

if you can see the negative spaces
between the petals

- well, you can just see more, that's all.

Admissions

as a resident advisor
in the women's dormitory
I learned

that a black star
on a telegram
informs one
of a death.

and how difficult
it is
to be hypocritical
regarding others behavior -

how hard and senseless it is
to give a girl a weekend restriction
for doing or not doing something
that you yourself see no harm in -
something you may have considered doing yourself
or even something you may have done
time after time -

but rules are rules
even though they may often be
extremely ridiculous.

I could not live with myself.
I suppose because of this
a career for me as a teacher
under a system of administration
with other ridiculous rules
would be another poor decision.

he says shut your mouth
and I run away
because I can't make him stop
and I can't breathe anymore

as you sit on the john
in the ladies room
at work >

you can see
tiny brown ants
running over the
white hexagonal tiles
on the floor.

toys

toys
are important items
for all young growing kids
to use.

but not too many.

only a few
will do
if
they are the right kind.

toys made by craftsmen
who love little children.

and not
a hectic assembly line
of pitiful people
who beat their own children.

flimsy
cheaply thrown together
poorly painted imitations
and harmful toys
offer children
a world of destruction
violence
and cheap vulgarity.

soft
cuddly toys
sturdy
well constructed
and beautiful toys
create a different concept
of reality
that a child
can build with.

diana

we spending memorable times
at perkins hall and in montreal
meigs street
boardman street
and rochester institute of technology.

she tall and slim with fair hair
and i notso slim and short with dark hair.
mutt and jeff
don quixote
and sancho panza.

we with bob
the three musketeers:
swimming
riding
shooting pool
eating
at the amusement park
and talking.

she being silent and i boisterous
she sewing and i reading
she working and i drinking.
she forgetting my telephone messages and i uneager to take out the garbage.
she patient and accepting while i am finding fault.
she cleaning bath and kitchen and i dining and living rooms.
she cooking superbly and i washing the dishes
superbly.
she managing the gas and electric and i the telephone bill.

we decorating the christmas tree.
we exchanging christmas gifts
and art supplies.
we sharing tears
plans
laughs
and words.

we being roomates
and close friends.

Problems

Of course, as with every student, one of my main concerns was money. The total cost for negatives, printing, paper, covers, binding and tape was well over \$100. But I feel that it was money well worth spent.

If I was happy, the sketches usually turned out well. But if I was feeling blue, no amount of time spent seemed to produce a decent sketch.

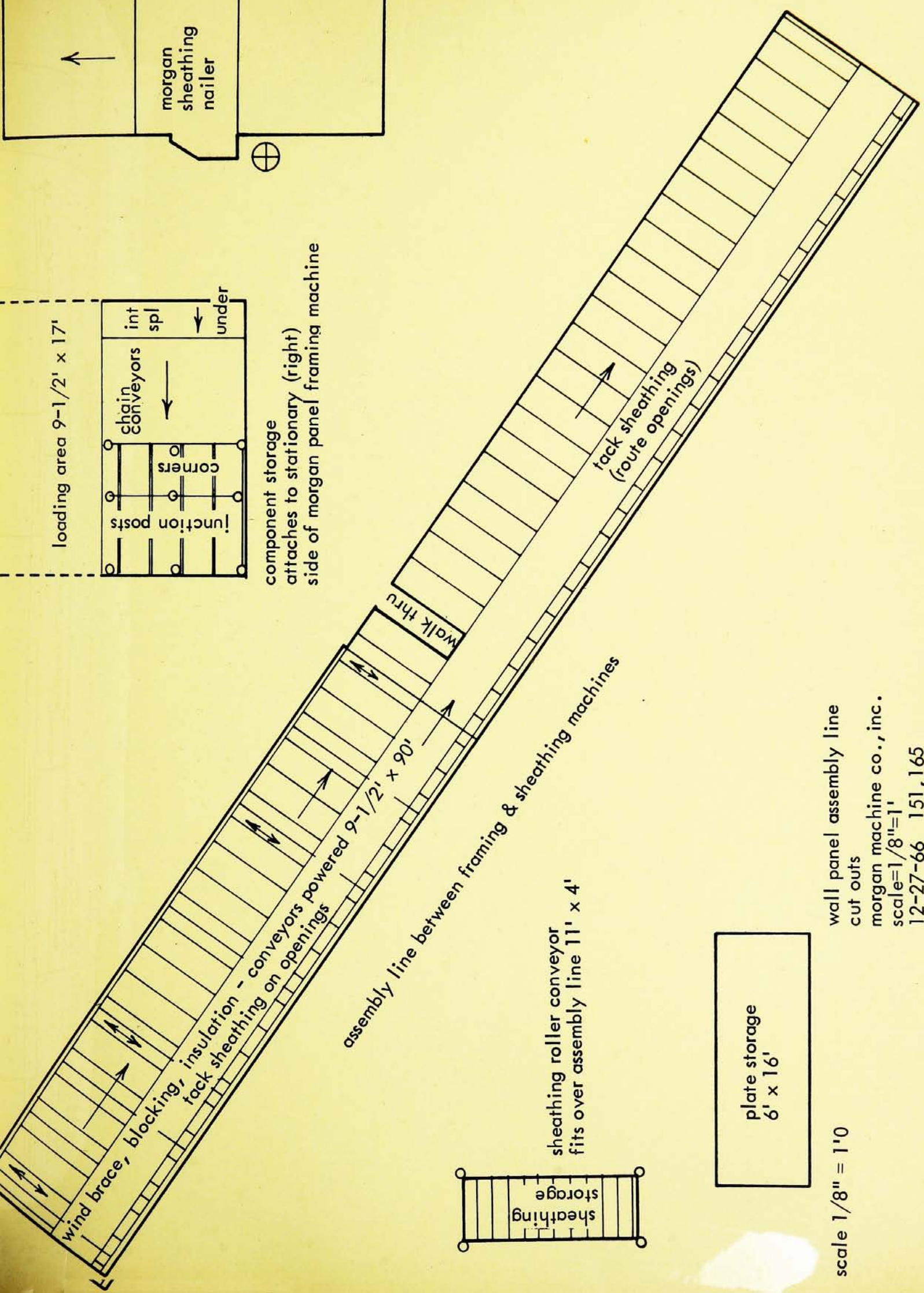
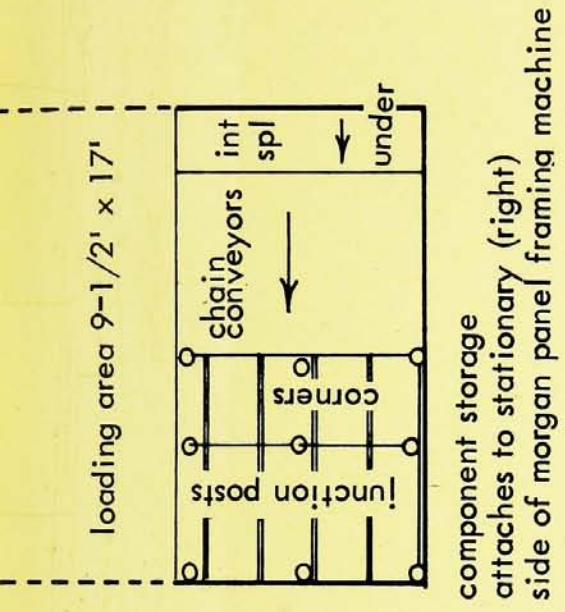
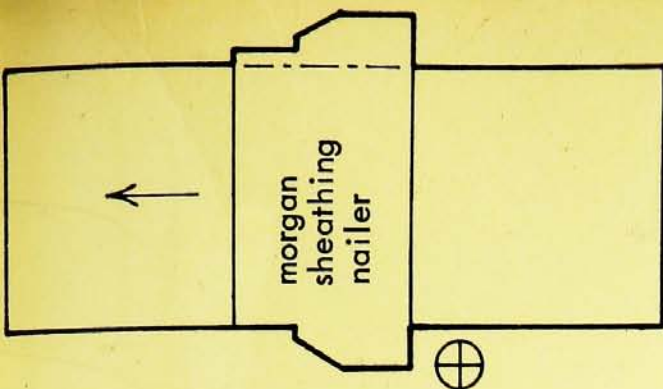
Still-lifes or people sleeping turned out to be the easiest. Animals, people on buses, or people in waiting rooms tended to be more difficult due to constantly changing movement.

My part-time job at a machine company had a derogatory effect on my artwork. The tight mechanical drawings that I had to do all day made it difficult to come home and do loose, flowing line drawings.

There was so little time in which to do so much. And if I drew too early in the morning I became nervous and did cramped sketches. If I waited until late at night I was too tired and the sketches became sloppy.

A painting instructor once suggested a couple of beers to loosen our painting technique. But in fine line drawing, this method only produces a confusing, drunken drawing.

And finally, the weather influenced my drawing as well as my disposition. Most of my drawings were done in-doors because of the cold. When I tried to sketch outside my fingers became so numb I couldn't hold the pen.



scale 1/8" = 1'0

wall panel assembly line

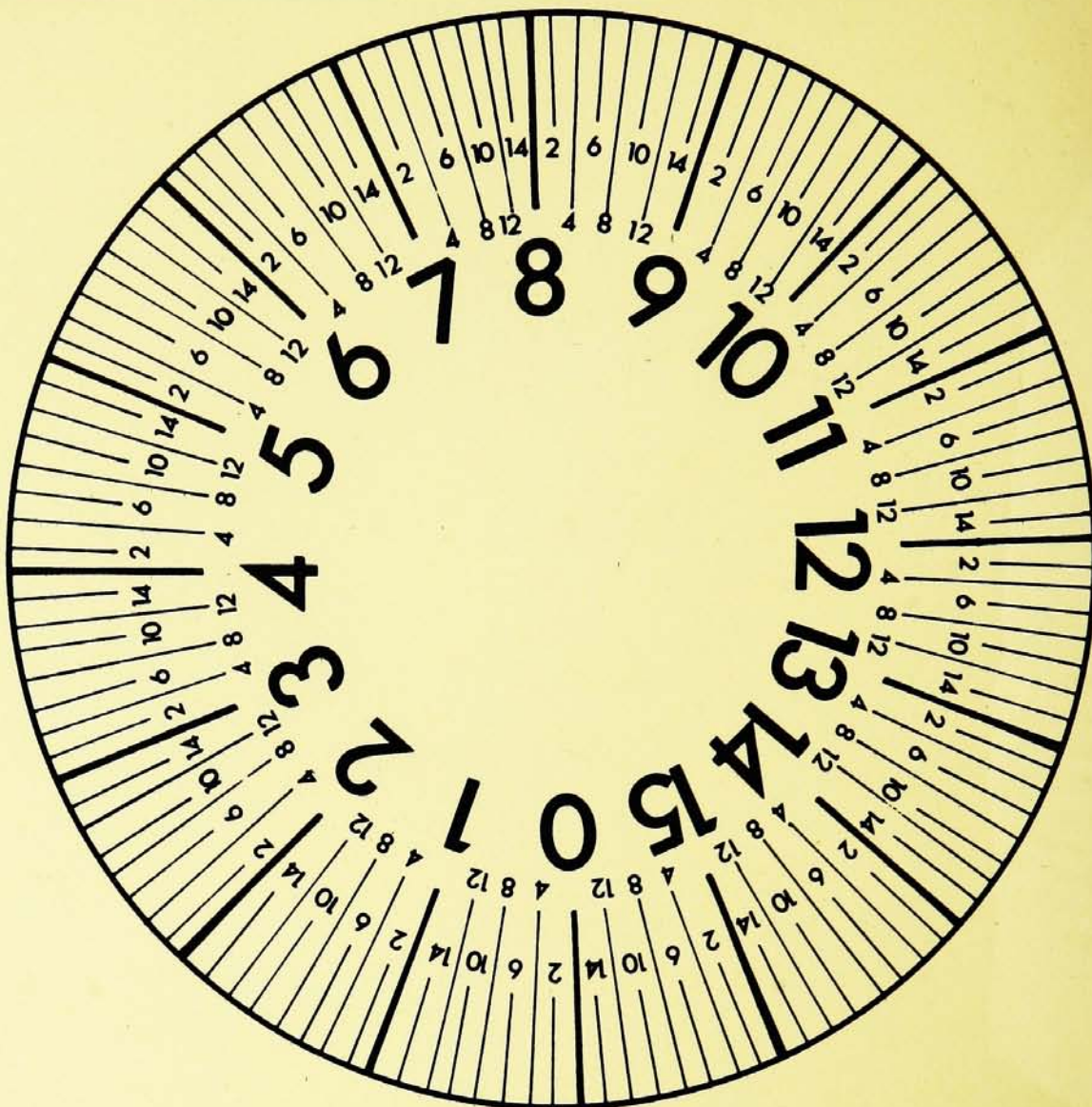
cut outs

morgan machine co., inc.

scale=1/8"=1'

12-27-66 151,165

page 3



LAYOUT DIAL INDICATOR

PURPOSE

THE LAYOUT DIAL INDICATOR is a special feature of the Morgan Wall Panel Framing Machine. It enables the Framing Machine operator to do the layout of the frame as well as the nailing. No longer is it necessary to have a layout man marking the plates to show the location of the studs and sub-components. This enables the person who does the panel layout or floor plan drawings to complete the engineering. This engineer or draftsman extracts the dimensions and passes them directly to the Framing Machine operator. The blue print can be kept out of the shop.

HOW THE INDICATOR WORKS

Technical Problems

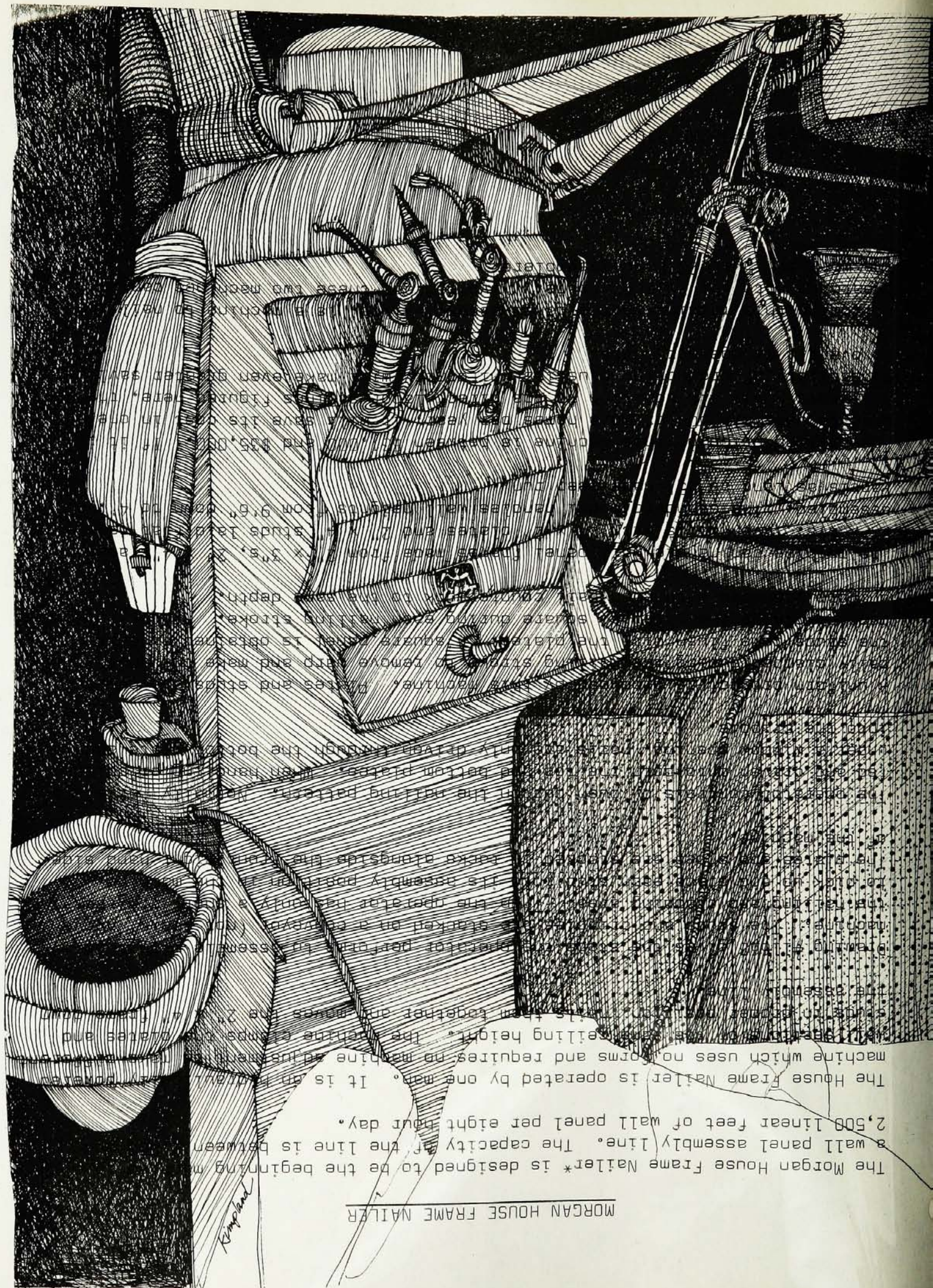
When printing on an ABDick Offset Press, we first experimented with scrap sheets of paper. This saved me the expense of buying more expensive embossed paper.

Too much ink, too little ink and paper folding produced some interesting effects but was quite frustrating. Fortunately, I had bought some extra paper and still had enough even when we found several sheets torn and creased.

Only one negative had to be reshot due to camera out of position, and only one metal plate was discarded. We went through a whole bunch of verifax masters, though, as they consistently proved troublesome.

MORGAN HOUSE FRAME NAILER

The Morgan House Frame Nailer* is designed to be the beginning of a wall panel assembly line. The capacity of the line is between 2,500 linear feet of wall panel per eight hour day.



Kimball

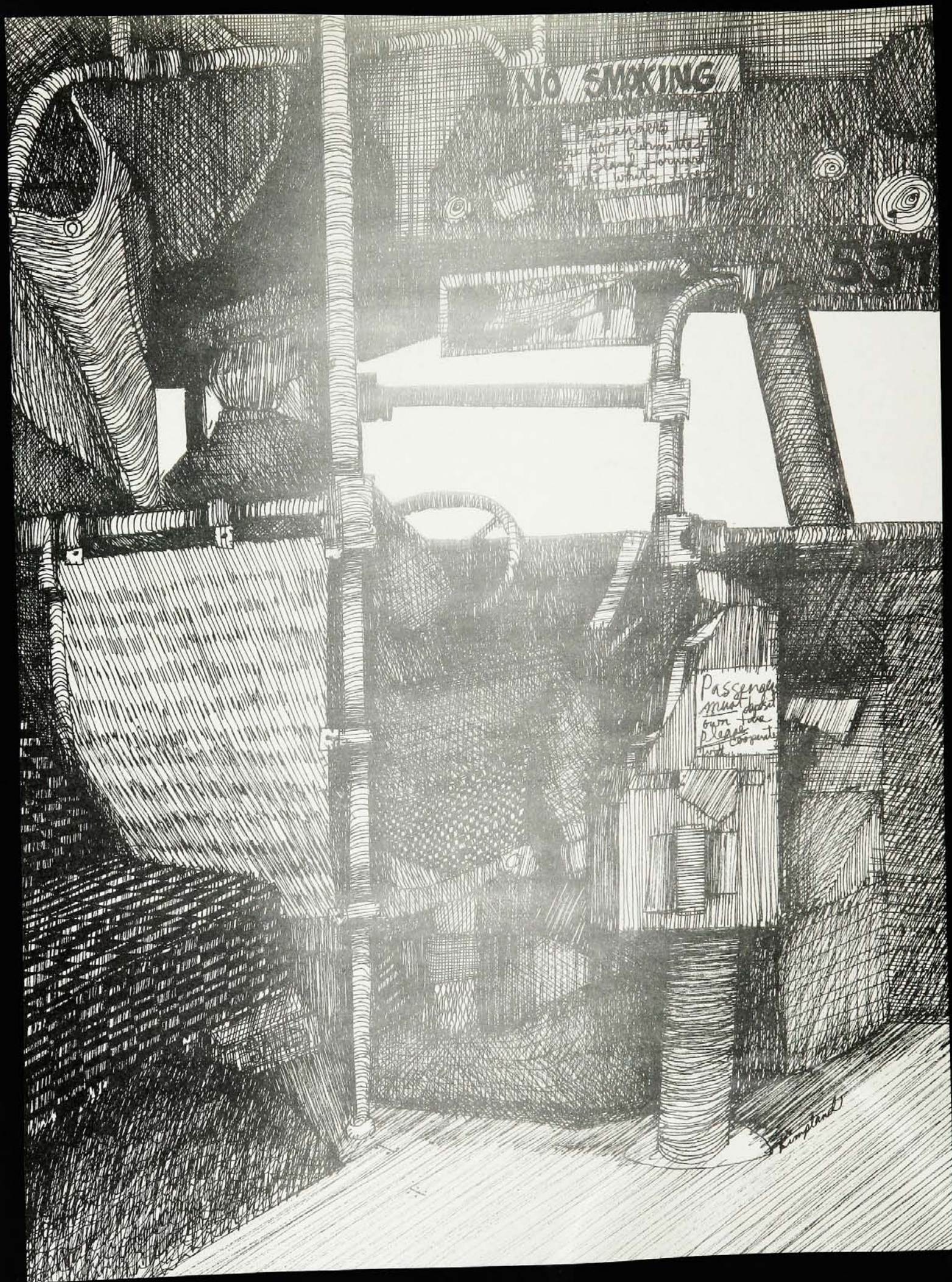










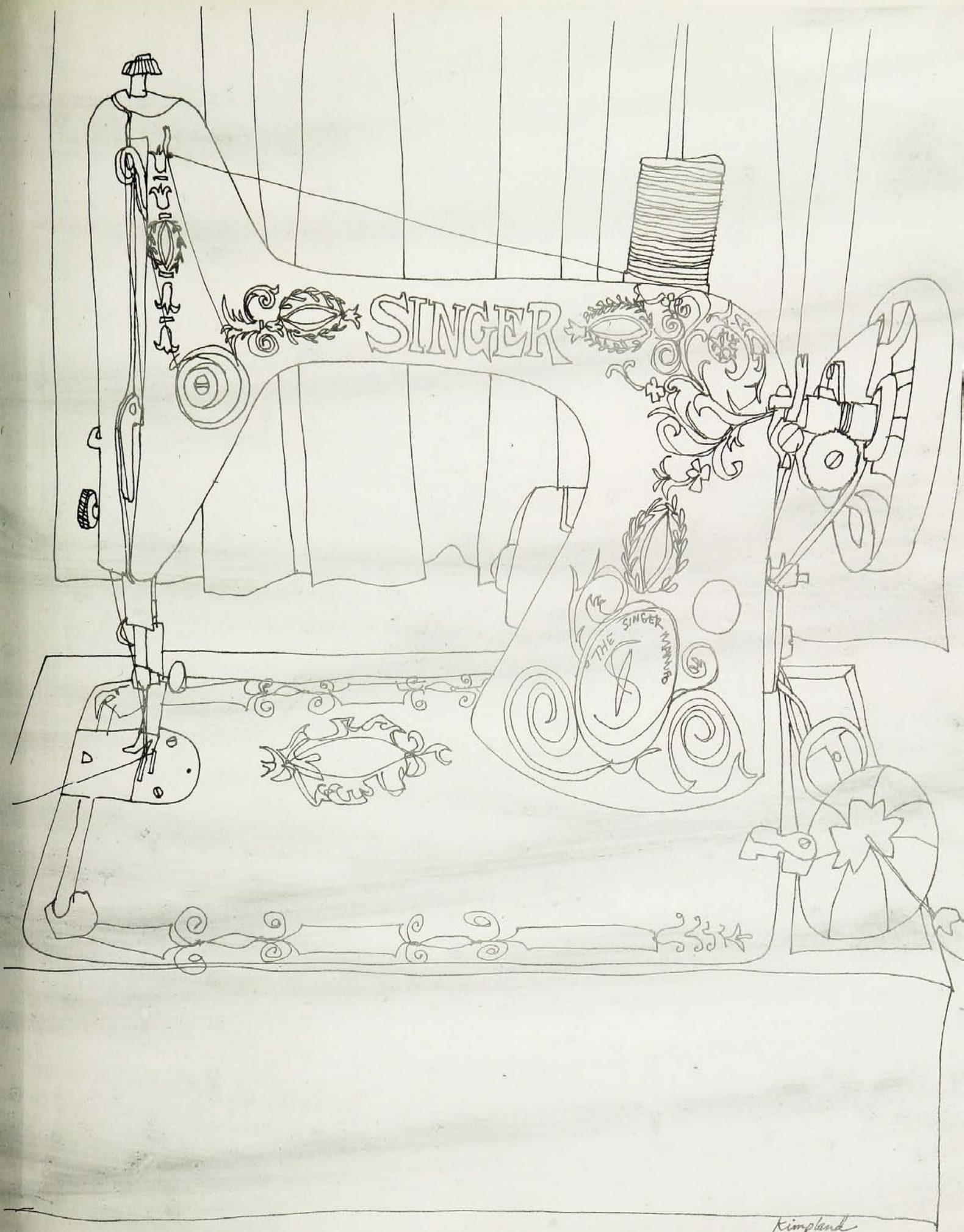


NO SMOKING

Passengers
are not permitted
to stand forward
of the white line

Passengers
must stand
on the
please
cooperate

Kimpton



Kimpland



berry bushes

how can they charge people
10¢
for a human function?

i would sooner
post
a trusted lookout
and go
behind the berry bushes.

long hair

long hair is:

what you have to hold back
when you're getting a drink
so it doesn't fall into the wet water fountain.

long hair is:

what you have to hold back
in the morning
when you're brushing your teeth
so that
you don't spit toothpaste on it.

long hair is:

what you have to hold back
as you apply
your rollondeodorant.

long hair is:

something you should pin up
on a hot summer day in the office
because if you wear it down
you will sweat
and it will cling to your neck
like octopus tentacles
and make you nervous.

long hair is:

earmuffs in the wintertime.

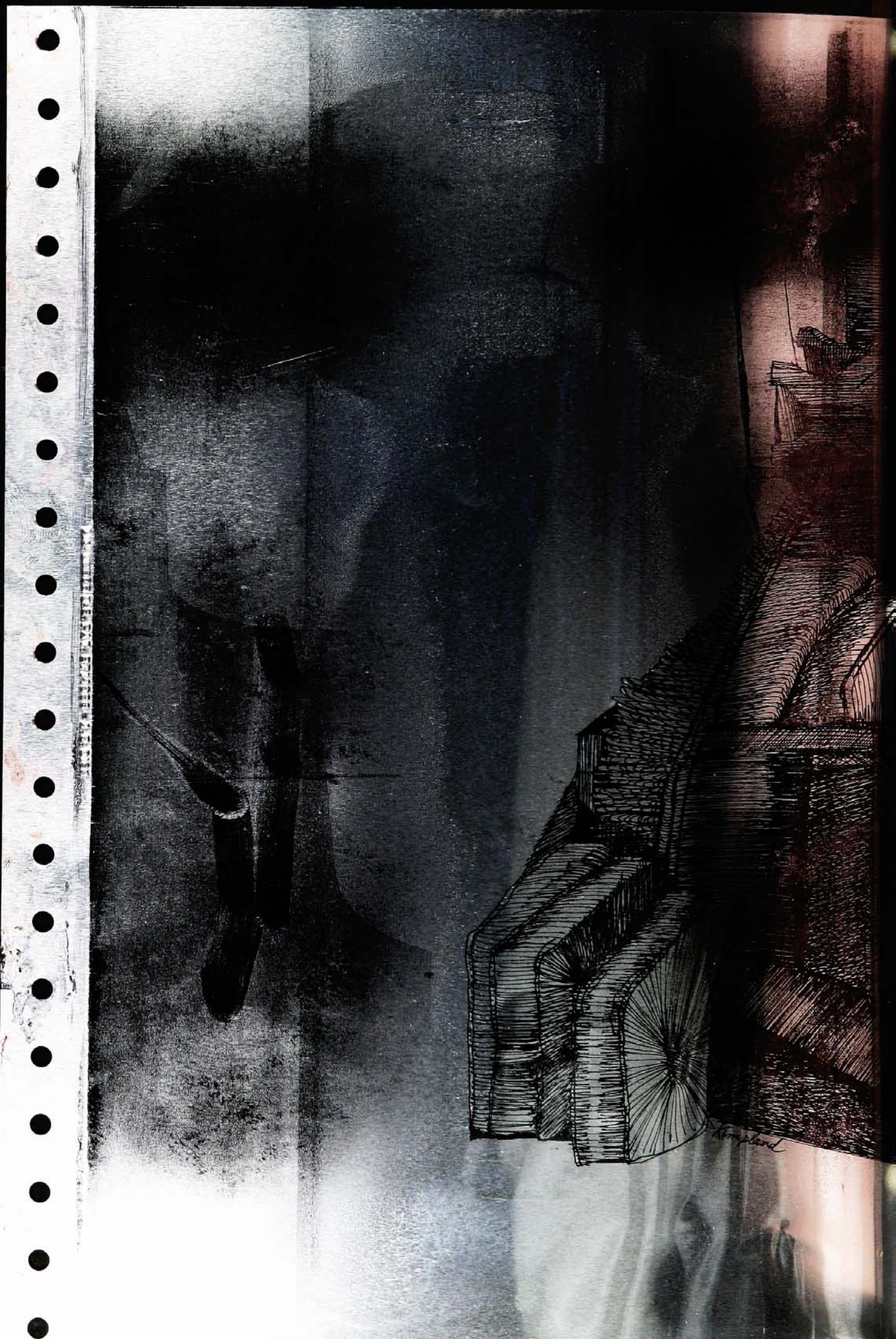
NO SMOKING

Passengers
NOT Permitted
Stand Forward
the white line

539

Passenger
must deposit
own fare
Please
Cooperate

Simpan



thesis work
master of fine arts
rochester institute
of technology
rochester, n.y.

copyright
by bonnie kimpland
1967

Subject Matter

My subject matter consisted of things that I liked and things that interested me. I sometimes get so wrapped up in any one subject that I could do a thesis on that alone. The following sketches consist of:

- Animals
- Babies
- Chairs
- Church
- Diana
- Feet
- Fire Extinguishers
- Hair
- Hands
- Hospitals
- Indian woman
- Music
- People
 - Drawing
 - Listening
 - Reading
 - Sleeping
 - Smoking
 - Thinking
 - Waiting
 - Writing
- Restaurants
- Sewing Machines
- Signs
- Toys
- War